

Frank B. Ford
GREENE STREET ARTISTS' BUILDING
5225 Greene Street
Philadelphia, PA 191442927
(215)8487385

Hair Again

Male pattern baldness, of course

Wonderful. I'm not enough of the cliché. Actual name, Clarence. Actual job, accountant for small firm. Cautious bachelor, austere apartment, and now this. Do you suggest any quoteunquote cure?

Hit or miss, but if you want to I'll...

You don't sound encouraging.

Well...there's...a new genetic something, the gene that makes very hairy men that way.

I'll sprout everywhere?

Let's not get melodramatic.

Well, can I try this...?

No. Not approved. I can't prescribe it.

Would you if you could?

Can't answer that.

What does *that* mean?

Precisely.

Well, let me think about all this. How much do I owe you?
I heard your nurse leave.

It's late. We squeezed you in. I...need cash. Well, I'll take
a check. Depends.
On what?

Drug's on my desk here, this box. When I turn to get my coat
who's to say what could happen?

In that event?

Two thousand cash.

If I don't?

Your HMO covers this visit.

I don't have that much cash on me, naturally.

Perhaps tomorrow this same box could wend its way back here with
different contents.

Sounds like espionage or something.

Whatever. I've heard of people helping each other in subtle
ways. Though no physicians.

Any guarantees?

I'm getting my coat now.

*The instructions were in Spanish, but he knew enough to get
by, and the following morning left the box with the nurse:*

I don't know where my brain is...walked off with this yesterday.

Her eyes flashed. Flashed!

I thought there was something sinister about you.

*"Flashed," he thought, "sinister, melodrama!" hearing
strange popping noises like mini flashbulbs going off. His chin
started itching. He fled; was she merely teasing?*

Good God I shaved this morning. Brillo!

Hair, swirling up from his collar. The pops continued, follicles through his tshirt but remaining under his business shirt though the tie waved.

Hurrying past the secretaries at his office, hair curling from his knuckles. Would they ignore him as usual, or snicker, or even get sick?

They gathered into a phalanx and fainted, a quartet.

He was overcome in the sudden rush of perfume, and thought disgusting things. By way of remonstrance, quoted Eliot's line "His vanity required no response"

Shrugged, undid his trousers.